128 East Twelfth St.,
New York, Dec. 10, 1872.

My Dear Garrison,

76 It is well nigh six months since I last wrote you. If from this long silence you should infer the least abatement of my love for and gratitude to you, you would do me great injustice. My dear wife, though absent in the flesh, is much in my thoughts, and I do not often think of her without also thinking of the many events and scenes of the past with which her name and yours are tenderly associated. My life in the last six months has been very quiet, and sometimes very lonely, and little has occurred in respect to myself that was worth the telling. One thing, however, you will be glad to learn, viz: that my health during the present season thus far has been unusually good. I have scarcely had a symptom for months past of my malady, the asthma.

The death of Mr. Greeley is to me a personal bereavement. My regard for him has

always been warm, but in the last two years, during which I was more intimate with him than before, my regard has deepened into love, and now I feel that in his death I have lost one of my truest and noblest friends. Your articles about him in the Independent wounded me deeply. It made me sad to see you taking for granted the truth of statements, born only of party hate, implying that he was utterly selfish and corrupt. Your credulity in that direction was to me as marvelous as it was painful. Of all the stories impeaching his character and charging him with conspiring to secure his own nomination, there was not one that was not a pure invention. He was never a candidate for office by any agency of his own. To no man, friend or foe, did he ever hint a wish to be a candidate, and he no more expected to be nominated at Cincinnati than you did. He did expect and desire, as I know, the nomination of Charles Francis Adams. Of course, he was

not ignorant that an effort would be made by some of his friends to nominate him; but he told them it would be of no use, though he appreciated their kindness. Infamously false were all the stories that he had an understanding with leading Democrats in advance of his nomination, and had made promises to them to secure their favor. His journey to Texas in 1871 had just as much to do with any purpose or expectation in his part to secure a nomination for President as your voyages to England had with a purpose on your part to make yourself King of Great Britain, and no more. Admit that his opposition to the Administration was unwise, it was still honest, and involved no stain upon his character. The most painful and mortifying feature of the canvass to me was your unfairness toward him, your readiness to believe, without evidence, anything disparaging to him that political malignity could invent. I could not but contrast with yours the just

and generous words of Whitier. The good man is gone, and I am glad to remember that I did what I could to vindicate him from the aspersions of his enemies. This is the first time in my life that I ever found myself in essential disagreement with you, and I should suspect my own judgment if I did not remember that my long intimacy with Mr. Greeley, and my perfect acquaintance with his peculiarities, and my knowledge of the circumstances attending his course, give me the right to be confident that I am not mistaken. In saying this I do not for a moment impeach your integrity. No doubt, in denouncing Mr. Greeley you spoke your honest convictions; but I must think you prejudiced, mistaken, unjust. Less than this I could not say in justice either to you or myself.

You will be surprised to learn that I shall leave the Tribune at the end of this week, and still more to

probably, when I tell you that I have accepted the post of Managing Editor of the Christian Union, Mr. Beecher's paper. I thus get rid of night work, and secure a large increase of salary—a consideration with me of some consequence, considering how long I worked in the anti-slavery cause without the chance of laying up anything for a rainy day. The Christian Union has attained a circulation of 130,000—more than double that of the Independent. I go into the new place under very encouraging auspices, and hope to find it pleasant.

Mrs. Savin and Carrie and Miss Whiting send you loving remembrances, and will be glad to welcome you under our roof whenever you come again to New York. My love to Helen and George and Frank, and also to William and wife.

Yours, faithfully,

Oliver Johnson.